

A Selection of Flying Songs
for the
F-15 SPO Reunion

(Arranger-
performer
version
w/ chords)



Fort Myer Officers' Club
Arlington, Virginia
25 July 1998

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FOREWORD

The songs that follow are just a few of the many
— often profane, bawdy, or obscene —
that have been sung among the aviation community
to celebrate flying and air warfare of the 20th century.

Some songs have original tunes,
but most are parodies of traditional ballads or popular songs,
with new words to adapt them to flying operations.

Many now-anonymous authors
have contributed verses or versions of these songs.

Most originated during World War II
or the Korean "police action," and evolved from there.
Added verses update them for more recent conditions.

Few of these war-songs are actually "warlike."
Instead, they satirize the dangers of combat and flying itself,
and also the brass and politicians
whose activities are perceived as just as hazardous.

Finally, while such flying songs have flourished in wartime,
they tend to languish during peacetime.

It is to help reverse this trend
and sustain the singing tradition of the military aviation community
that this booklet has been compiled for your use.

Dan McGrath and Jonathan Myer
(Old Bold Aviators)

OH, LORD, IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

E

E E
Oh, **Lord**, it's hard to be **humble**

E B7
When you're **per**-fect in ev-er-y **way**,

B7 B7
I can't **wait** to look in the **mir**-ror

B7 E
'Cause I **get** better look-ing each **day**.

E
To **know** me is to **love** me,

E A
I **must** be a hell of a **man** —

A E
Oh, **Lord**, it's hard to be **hum**-ble,

E B7 E
But we're **do**-ing the **best** that we **can**.

Chorus:

Oh, Lord, it's hard to be humble
When you're perfect in every way,
I can't wait to look in the mirror
'Cause I get better looking each day.
To know me is to love me,
I must be a hell of a man —
Oh, Lord, it's hard to be humble,
But we're doing the best that we can.

We used to have families and hobbies
In the land of the free and the brave,
But that was before the F-15's SPO
Turned each of us into a slave.
We worked every day and on weekends as well
To move the program along —
And so we achieved the perfection
That describes us all in this song.

(Jonathan Myer's
verse)

Chorus

I guess you could say we were snooty,
In a SPO that was headstrong and proud.
But we always did more than our duty,
So the Eagle stood out from the crowd.
They say that we're egotistical,
I hardly know what that means.
I guess it has something to do with the way
We developed the old F-15.

(Dan McGrath's
verse)

Chorus

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

E

E

B7

Oh, there **are** no fighter pilots down in **hell**,

B7

E

Oh, there **are** no fighter pilots down in **hell**,

A

Oh, the **place** is full of queers,

E

Navigators, bombadiers,

B7

E

Oh, there **are** no fighter pilots down in **hell**.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

E

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
 Oh, the place is full of queers,
 Navigators, bombadiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
 They are in the USOs,
 Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
 The autopilot's on,
 He's reading novels in the john,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
 Oh, the place is full of brass,
 Sitting 'round on their fat ass,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
 They are off on foreign shores
 Making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

* * * * *

The fighter pilots are in F-15s,
The fighter pilots are in F-15s,
 You'll find them every place
 Just looking to make ace,
The fighter pilots are in F-15s.

(JM's verse)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

G

G **C**
Don't **give** me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,

D7
They're **scattered** and spittin' from Burma to Britain,

D7 **G**
Don't **give** me a P-thirty-eight. . . . No —

Chorus:

C **D7** **G**
Give me Operations, way **out** on some lonely a-toll,

C **A7** **D7** **G**
For I'm **too** young to **die**, **I** just want to grow **old**.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

G

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They're scattered and spittin' from Burma to Britain,
Don't give me a P-38. . . . No —

Chorus:

Give me Operations, way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-51, it was all right for fighting the Hun,
But, with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore,
She'll whine and she'll wheeze and make straight for the trees,
Don't give me an F-84. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me a '101-B, for she will just pitch up, you'll see —
Add rudder and roll and you'll soon lose control,
Don't give me a '101-B. . . . No —

(JM's early, etc)

Chorus

Don't give me an Oscar 1-E, I'm sure that you all will agree,
She flies way too slow, and also too low,
Don't give me an Oscar 1-E. . . . No —

(JM's, earlier)

Chorus

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive,
It maneuvers quite well, straight ahead goes like hell,
Don't give me an F-105. . . . No —

Chorus

* * * * *

Don't give me a Falcon 16, the tactical bombing machine,
Its underslung scoop picks up rocks and cow poop,
Don't give me a Falcon 16. . . . No —

(JM's additions)
↓

Chorus

Don't give me a Warthog A-10, though it shoots up a tank now and then,
Its cannon's red glare makes it stop in mid-air,
Don't give me a Warthog A-10. . . . No —

Chorus

But — give me an Eagle 15, that counter-air combat machine,
I tell you no lie, she's the queen of the sky,
Just give me an Eagle 15. . . . **And** —

Chorus:

Forget your Operations, way out on **that** lonely atoll,
I'm still too young to die, **and I'll never** grow old.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

C

(Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Chorus:

C C
Hallelujah, hallelujah —

G7 C
Throw a **nickel** on the grass, save a **fighter** pilot's ass,

C C
Hallelujah, hallelujah —

G7 C
Throw a **nickel** on the grass and you'll be **saved**!

C
I was **cruising** down the Yalu, doing six-and-twenty per,

C G7
When a **call** came from the major, "Oh, **won't** you save me, sir?

C F C
Got three **flak** holes in my wingtips, and my **tanks** have got no **gas**,

G7 C
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I've got six MiGs on my **ass**!"

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

C

(Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Chorus:

Hallelujah, hallelujah —
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Hallelujah, hallelujah —
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved!

I was cruising down the Yalu, doing six-and-twenty per,
When a call came from the major, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got three flak holes in my wingtips, and my tanks have got no gas,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I've got six MiGs on my ass!"

Chorus

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read one-thirty, I really racked it tight —
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Spin instructions, please!

Chorus

I split-S'ed on my bomb run and I got too goddamn low,
But I pressed that bloody button and I let those babies go —
Sucked the stick back in my gut when I hit a high-speed stall —
I won't see my mother when the work's all done next fall.

Chorus

Then they sent me down to Pyong Yang, the brief said no ack-ack,
But by the time that I got there, my wings were mostly flak,
Then my engine coughed and sputtered, 'twas too cut up to fly,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I'm too young to die!

Chorus

I bailed out from the Sabre and the landing came out fine,
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line,
Then I opened up my ration to see what was in it —
The goddamn quartermaster! He'd filled the tin with shit!

Chorus

* * * * *

I was flying in my Eagle, high above the fray,
Looking for the MiGs and such to come and make my day.
Flying combat air patrol, flying day and night —
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! — No one wants to fight!

Chorus

(JM's)

SIDI SLIMANE

C

(On Top of Old Smoky)

C

F

C

Now **g**ather 'round **c**losely, I'll sing this **r**e**f**rain

G7

C

About life in **M**orocco, here at Sidi **S**limane.

SIDI SLIMANE

C

(On Top of Old Smoky)

Now gather 'round closely, I'll sing this refrain
About life in Morocco, here at Sidi Slimane.

There's not enough women to grace this fair land,
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand.

The heat in the day time will wither your soul,
But through the long evenings you will shiver with cold.

It's so dirty and sticky with the heat and the smell,
You'll think you've been buried — and gone straight to hell.

Each pilot then swears he . . . has been wrongly assigned,
And the Air Force commander has gone out of his mind.

While he sits there a-sweating, wondering why he is here,
The salt from his teardrops makes his whiskey taste queer.

And the boys (you will notice) who take it so hard
Are the recalled Reservists and Air National Guard.

But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear,
Sure, it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea! . . .

* * * * *

Fifteen years later, guess where I am —
Over the jungles of war-torn Vietnam.

(JM's additions)
↓

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
I'm looking for trucks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

At this point Morocco would fill me with joy,
Better than jail in the "hotel" at Hanoi.

A dinner of cous-cous may not sound too nice,
But it's a hundred times better than fish heads and rice!

ITAZUKE TOWER

E

(Wabash Cannonball)

E

A

I-ta-zuk-e Tower, this is Air Force eight-oh-**one**,

B7

E

I'm **turning** on the downwind leg, my prop is **overrun**,

E

A

My **coolant's** overheated, the gauge says one-two-**one**,

B7

E

You'd **better** call the crash crew — and get them on the **run**.

ITAZUKE TOWER

E

(Wabash Cannonball)

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop is overrun,
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one,
You'd better call the crash crew — and get them on the run.

Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour,
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung,
I've gotta land this Mustang, no matter what you say,
I'm going to get my chart fixed up before that judgment day.

Now, listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power.
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply.
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven, and my flying days are done.
I'm sorry that I blew up — I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed.

* * * * *

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm still in Pilot's Heaven and a flying son-of-a-gun,
I'm zooming, diving, turning in a super new machine,
I'm about to blow your socks off in a fighting F-15.

(JM's addition)
↓

Now listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
You're scaring us almost to death, see us cringe and cower.
You're cleared to land, all other traffic has been told to yield —
Just try to keep your sonic booms inside the landing field!

THE GODDAMN RESERVES

E

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

E A E
In peacetime the **Regulars** are **happy**,

B7
In peacetime they're anxious to **serve**,

E A E
But **just** let them **get** into **trouble**

F# B7 E
And they **call** out the **goddamn** **Reserves**.

Chorus:

E A F# B7 E
Call out, **call** out, **call** out the goddamn **Reserves** (Re-serves),

E A F# B7 E
Call out, **call** out, **call** out the goddamn **Reserves**.

THE GODDAMN RESERVES

E

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,
In peacetime they're anxious to serve,
But just let them get into trouble
And they call out the goddamn Reserves.

Chorus:

Call out, call out, call out the goddamn Reserves (Reserves),
Call out, call out, call out the goddamn Reserves.

Oh, here's to the Regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call out the goddamn Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

Chorus

They call out the war-weary pilots,
They ask for the drafted young men,
They send the Reserves to Korea,
But the Regulars stay in Japan.

Chorus

So here's to the Regular Air Force,
With their medals and badges galore,
If it weren't for the goddamn Reservists,
Their arse would be dragging the floor.

Chorus

* * * * *

Flying high over the desert,
The Regulars had all the fun.
But now that the Gulf War is over,
It's the Reserves that sweat in the sun.

(JM's additions)
↓

Chorus

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,
They fill up the Pentagon's halls.
From there they deploy the Reservists
Whenever some new trouble calls.

Chorus

THE MIGHTY F-15

E

(F-15 SPO SONG)

(Wabash Cannonball)

E

A

Here's to old McDonnell, . . . right next to Lambert Field,

B7

E

Where fighter plane designers would their calculators wield.

E

A

The product of their efforts . . . could then be easily seen —

B7

E

Watch that ba-by climb straight up, it's the mighty F-fifteen.

THE MIGHTY F-15©

E

(F-15 SPO SONG)

(Wabash Cannonball)

Here's to old McDonnell, right next to Lambert Field,
Where fighter plane designers would their calculators wield.
The product of their efforts could then be easily seen —
Watch that baby climb straight up, it's the mighty F-15.

Chorus:

Listen to the engine whine, the rumble and the roar,
See the piles of paperwork covering the floor.
From operations to support, the SPO creates the scene —
It brought the world the record-breaking mighty F-15.

First Wright-Pat, now Robins, is where you'll find the SPO
That manages the program and makes the system go.
From airframe to the smallest spare, from specs to full machine —
It harmonizes everything in th' mighty F-15.

Chorus

In the five-sided Pentagon there is a constant war,
With issues flying thick and fast, and blood upon the floor.
But this was where the fight was won, the best of briefings seen,
To give the program life and health for th' mighty F-15.

Chorus

Now here's to PPBS, which none can understand,
It was implemented years ago by McNamara's band.
It provides the annual funding, the biggest budgets seen,
It allocates the money for the mighty F-15.

Chorus

And now on flightlines everywhere, U.S. and 'round the world,
Flying fighting squadrons have their unit flags unfurled.
In contingencies and combat, she's the undisputed queen,
The fighter-pilot's fighter, the mighty F-15.

Chorus

So, here's to MacAir's engineers, their tech reps and their subs,
Supporting Eagle systems and fixing pilots' flubs.
And here's to all the SPO folks, the finest ever seen,
Who brought the world the record-breaking mighty F-15.

Chorus

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

C

(Bosom Buddies While Boozin')

C G7
Stand to your glasses steady,

C
Let not a tear fill your eye,

C F
Here's to the dead already,

G7 C
And here's to the next man to die.

* * * * *

C G7
For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,

G7 C
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

C G7
We are the boys that they send out to die,

G7 C
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

C F G7
Up in headquarters they scream and they shout,

C D G7
They talk about things they know nothing about,

C G7
We are the boys that they send out to die,

G7 C
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we —
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

C

(Bosom Buddies While Boozin')

Chorus: Stand to your glasses steady,
 Let not a tear fill your eye,
 Here's to the dead already,
 And here's to the next man to die.

We stand 'neath the sounding rafters,
The walls around us are bare,
They echo back the laughter,
It seems that the dead are all here.

Chorus

Through death's dark skies we ramble,
Borne on wings of steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

Chorus

We loop in the purple twilight,
We sail the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us,
To show where our friends have all gone.

Chorus

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Alone in the land that we find,
The darkness has gone before us,
And death is closing behind.

Chorus

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
Up in headquarters they scream and they shout,
They talk about things they know nothing about,
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we —
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

E

g# a b c# a a f# g# a b g#
E B7 E
 While the **storm** clouds **gather** Far a-cross the **sea**,

e f# g# a f# f# f# e d# f# e
B7 E
 Let us swear al-le-giance To a land that's **free**,

g# a b c# a a a# b c# a# b
E B7 F# B7
 Let us **all** be **grateful** For a land so **fair**,

b b b b b f# e d# c# d# f#
B7 F# B7
 As we raise our **voic-es** In a **solemn prayer**.

← (Dan's piano roll
 used B7 & E to
 finish the verse)

e d# c# d# c# b f# e f# g#
E B7 B7 B7 E
God Bless A-mer-i-ca — Land that I love —

f# g# a c# a g# b
A E
 Stand be-**side** her and **guide** her —

e f# g# f# e f# e d# e
E B7 E
 Thru the **night** with a **light** from a-**bove**.

d# e f# b e f# g#
B7 E
 From the **mountains** to the **prairies —**

f# g# a d# g# a b
B7 E (E7)
 To the **o-ceans** white with **foam —**

c# b a g# f# e a g# f# b
A E A E A E B7 E (E7)
God Bless A-mer-i-ca — My home sweet home —

c# b a g# f# e a g# f# e
A E A E A E B7 E
God Bless A-mer-i-ca — My home sweet home.

While the storm clouds gather

Far across the sea,

Let us swear allegiance

To a land that's free,

Let us all be grateful

For a land so fair,

As we raise our voices

In a solemn prayer.

God Bless America —

Land that I love —

Stand beside her

And guide her —

Thru the night with a light from above.

From the mountains to the prairies —

To the oceans white with foam —

God Bless America —

My home sweet home —

God Bless America —

My home sweet home.

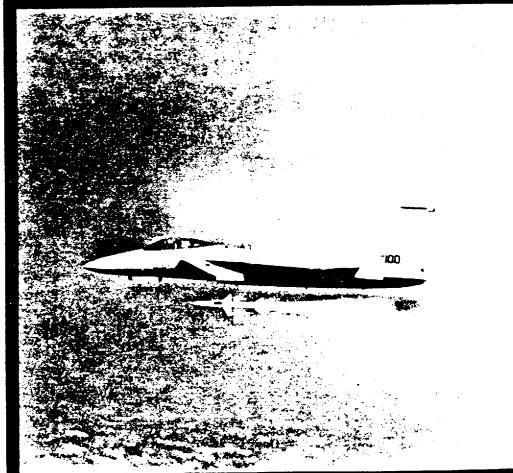
YF-15



F-15C



F-15A



F-15E



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(Audience
version)



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FOREWORD

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— often profane, bawdy, or obscene —
that have been sung among the aviation community
to celebrate flying and air warfare of the 20th century.

Some songs have original tunes,
but most are parodies of traditional ballads or popular songs,
with new words to adapt them to flying operations.

Many now-anonymous authors
have contributed verses or versions of these songs.
Most originated during World War II
or the Korean "police action," and evolved from there.
Added verses update them for more recent conditions.

Few of these war-songs are actually "warlike."
Instead, they satirize the dangers of combat and flying itself,
and also the brass and politicians
whose activities are perceived as just as hazardous.

Finally, while such flying songs have flourished in wartime,
they tend to languish during peacetime.
It is to help reverse this trend
and sustain the singing tradition of the military aviation community
that this booklet has been compiled for your use.

Dan McGrath and Jonathan Myer
(Old Bold Aviators)

Chorus:

Oh, Lord, it's hard to be humble
When you're perfect in every way,
I can't wait to look in the mirror
'Cause I get better looking each day.
To know me is to love me,
I must be a hell of a man —
Oh, Lord, it's hard to be humble,
But we're doing the best that we can.

We used to have families and hobbies
In the land of the free and the brave,
But that was before the F-15's SPO
Turned each of us into a slave.
We worked every day and on weekends as well
To move the program along —
And so we achieved the perfection
That describes us all in this song.

Chorus

I guess you could say we were snooty,
In a SPO that was headstrong and proud.
But we always did more than our duty,
So the Eagle stood out from the crowd.
They say that we're egotistical,
I hardly know what that means.
I guess it has something to do with the way
We developed the old F-15.

Chorus

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

E

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
 Oh, the place is full of queers,
 Navigators, bombadiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
 They are in the USOs,
 Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
 The autopilot's on,
 He's reading novels in the john,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
 Oh, the place is full of brass,
 Sitting 'round on their fat ass,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in Wing.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
 They are off on foreign shores
 Making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

* * * * *

The fighter pilots are in F-15s,
The fighter pilots are in F-15s,
 You'll find them every place
 Just looking to make ace,
The fighter pilots are in F-15s.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

G

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They're scattered and spittin' from Burma to Britain,
Don't give me a P-38. . . . No —

Chorus:

Give me Operations, way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-51, it was all right for fighting the Hun,
But, with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore,
She'll whine and she'll wheeze and make straight for the trees,
Don't give me an F-84. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me a '101-B, for she will just pitch up, you'll see —
Add rudder and roll and you'll soon lose control,
Don't give me a '101-B. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me an Oscar 1-E, I'm sure that you all will agree,
She flies way too slow, and also too low,
Don't give me an Oscar 1-E. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive,
It maneuvers quite well, straight ahead goes like hell,
Don't give me an F-105. . . . No —

Chorus

* * * * *

Don't give me a Falcon 16, the tactical bombing machine,
Its underslung scoop picks up rocks and cow poop,
Don't give me a Falcon 16. . . . No —

Chorus

Don't give me a Warthog A-10, though it shoots up a tank now and then,
Its cannon's red glare makes it stop in mid-air,
Don't give me a Warthog A-10. . . . No —

Chorus

But — give me an Eagle 15, that counter-air combat machine,
I tell you no lie, she's the queen of the sky,
Just give me an Eagle 15. . . . **And** —

Chorus:

Forget your Operations, way out on **that** lonely atoll,
I'm still too young to die, **and I'll never** grow old.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

C

(Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Chorus:

Hallelujah, hallelujah —
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Hallelujah, hallelujah —
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved!

I was cruising down the Yalu, doing six-and-twenty per,
When a call came from the major, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got three flak holes in my wingtips, and my tanks have got no gas,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I've got six MiGs on my ass!"

Chorus

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read one-thirty, I really racked it tight —
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Spin instructions, please!

Chorus

I split-S'ed on my bomb run and I got too goddamn low,
But I pressed that bloody button and I let those babies go —
Sucked the stick back in my gut when I hit a high-speed stall —
I won't see my mother when the work's all done next fall.

Chorus

Then they sent me down to Pyong Yang, the brief said no ack-ack,
But by the time that I got there, my wings were mostly flak,
Then my engine coughed and sputtered, 'twas too cut up to fly,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I'm too young to die!

Chorus

I bailed out from the Sabre and the landing came out fine,
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line,
Then I opened up my ration to see what was in it —
The goddamn quartermaster! He'd filled the tin with shit!

Chorus

* * * * *

I was flying in my Eagle, high above the fray,
Looking for the MiGs and such to come and make my day.
Flying combat air patrol, flying day and night —
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! — No one wants to fight!

Chorus

(On Top of Old Smoky)

Now gather 'round closely, I'll sing this refrain
About life in Morocco, here at Sidi Slimane.

There's not enough women to grace this fair land,
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand.

The heat in the day time will wither your soul,
But through the long evenings you will shiver with cold.

It's so dirty and sticky with the heat and the smell,
You'll think you've been buried — and gone straight to hell.

Each pilot then swears he . . . has been wrongly assigned,
And the Air Force commander has gone out of his mind.

While he sits there a-sweating, wondering why he is here,
The salt from his teardrops makes his whiskey taste queer.

And the boys (you will notice) who take it so hard
Are the recalled Reservists and Air National Guard.

But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear,
Sure, it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea! . . .

* * * * *

Fifteen years later, guess where I am —
Over the jungles of war-torn Vietnam.

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
I'm looking for trucks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

At this point Morocco would fill me with joy,
Better than jail in the "hotel" at Hanoi.

A dinner of cous-cous may not sound too nice,
But it's a hundred times better than fish heads and rice!

ITAZUKE TOWER

E

(Wabash Cannonball)

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop is overrun,
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one,
You'd better call the crash crew — and get them on the run.

Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour,
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung,
I've gotta land this Mustang, no matter what you say,
I'm going to get my chart fixed up before that judgment day.

Now, listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power.
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply.
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven, and my flying days are done.
I'm sorry that I blew up — I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed.

* * * * *

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm still in Pilot's Heaven and a flying son-of-a-gun,
I'm zooming, diving, turning in a super new machine,
I'm about to blow your socks off in a fighting F-15.

Now listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
You're scaring us almost to death, see us cringe and cower.
You're cleared to land, all other traffic has been told to yield —
Just try to keep your sonic booms inside the landing field!

THE GODDAMN RESERVES

E

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,
In peacetime they're anxious to serve,
But just let them get into trouble
And they call out the goddamn Reserves.

Chorus:

Call out, call out, call out the goddamn Reserves (Reserves),
Call out, call out, call out the goddamn Reserves.

Oh, here's to the Regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call out the goddamn Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

Chorus

They call out the war-weary pilots,
They ask for the drafted young men,
They send the Reserves to Korea,
But the Regulars stay in Japan.

Chorus

So here's to the Regular Air Force,
With their medals and badges galore,
If it weren't for the goddamn Reservists,
Their arse would be dragging the floor.

Chorus

* * * * *

Flying high over the desert,
The Regulars had all the fun.
But now that the Gulf War is over,
It's the Reserves that sweat in the sun.

Chorus

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,
They fill up the Pentagon's halls.
From there they deploy the Reservists
Whenever some new trouble calls.

Chorus

THE MIGHTY F-15[©]
(F-15 SPO SONG)

E

(Wabash Cannonball)

Here's to old McDonnell, right next to Lambert Field,
Where fighter plane designers would their calculators wield.
The product of their efforts could then be easily seen —
Watch that baby climb straight up, it's the mighty F-15.

Chorus:

Listen to the engine whine, the rumble and the roar,
See the piles of paperwork covering the floor.
From operations to support, the SPO creates the scene —
It brought the world the record-breaking mighty F-15.

First Wright-Pat, now Robins, is where you'll find the SPO
That manages the program and makes the system go.
From airframe to the smallest spare, from specs to full machine —
It harmonizes everything in th' mighty F-15.

Chorus

In the five-sided Pentagon there is a constant war,
With issues flying thick and fast, and blood upon the floor.
But this was where the fight was won, the best of briefings seen,
To give the program life and health for th' mighty F-15.

Chorus

Now here's to PPBS, which none can understand,
It was implemented years ago by McNamara's band.
It provides the annual funding, the biggest budgets seen,
It allocates the money for the mighty F-15.

Chorus

And now on flightlines everywhere, U.S. and 'round the world,
Flying fighting squadrons have their unit flags unfurled.
In contingencies and combat, she's the undisputed queen,
The fighter-pilot's fighter, the mighty F-15.

Chorus

So, here's to MacAir's engineers, their tech reps and their subs,
Supporting Eagle systems and fixing pilots' flubs.
And here's to all the SPO folks, the finest ever seen,
Who brought the world the record-breaking mighty F-15.

Chorus

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

C

(Bosom Buddies While Boozin')

Chorus: Stand to your glasses steady,
 Let not a tear fill your eye,
 Here's to the dead already,
 And here's to the next man to die.

We stand 'neath the sounding rafters,
The walls around us are bare,
They echo back the laughter,
It seems that the dead are all here.

Chorus

Through death's dark skies we ramble,
Borne on wings of steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

Chorus

We loop in the purple twilight,
We sail the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us,
To show where our friends have all gone.

Chorus

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Alone in the land that we find,
The darkness has gone before us,
And death is closing behind.

Chorus

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
Up in headquarters they scream and they shout,
They talk about things they know nothing about,
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we —
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

While the storm clouds gather

Far across the sea,

Let us swear allegiance

To a land that's free,

Let us all be grateful

For a land so fair,

As we raise our voices

In a solemn prayer.

God Bless America —

Land that I love —

Stand beside her

And guide her —

Thru the night with a light from above.

From the mountains to the prairies —

To the oceans white with foam —

God Bless America —

My home sweet home —

God Bless America —

My home sweet home.

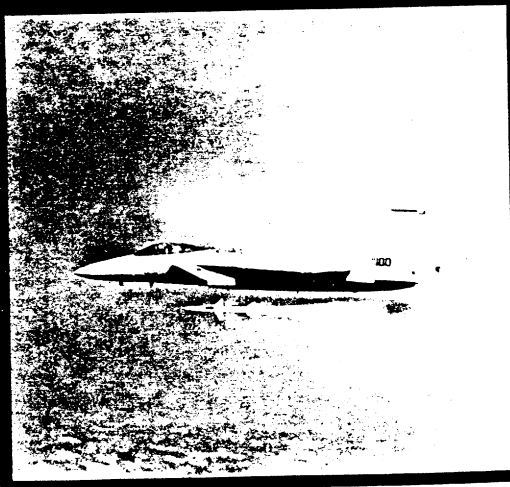
YF-15



F-15C



F-15A



F-15E

